

New Hampshire

Backstabbers Incorporated

A lonely yellow light gets swallowed
By the morning in New Hampshire
And casts a shadow on the pavement
 Where we used to walk together
Put in a small town made of hills and trees
And these dream's all you've got to believe
 This is what you dream
 I know she will make it, somehow
 'Cause she is from New Hampshire
 She said, she wants to see it all
 Putting on her make-up
She is making her last telephone call
 She says, she's leaving me now
 My eyes are following the lines
 That lead away from New Hampshire
 'Cause she's gone out of view
 And taken with her clarity and laughter
Put in a big town made of hard and scary things
 All you've got to believe
 In is what you dream
 I know she will make it, somehow
 'Cause she is from New Hampshire
 She said, she wants to see it all
 Putting on her make-up
She is making her last telephone call
 She says, she's leaving
 Why is growing up so bad for love?
It takes us further from what means the most to me
 The most in us has gone away
 But she is from New Hampshire
 She said, she wants to see it all
 Putting on her make-up
She is making her last telephone call
 She says, she's leaving me now
 She says, she's leaving me now
 She says, she's leaving me now
 New Hampshire
 New Hampshire

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